

# “Bokuchu” Us vs the Police: 700-Day War

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[<- Review?](#)   [Read Next ->](#)

The story returns to the 3rd volume, right after our midterm exams.

Specifically to before we battled the record store owner, a couple days after Chuzai-san left us. Please return your minds back to before our record store strategy meeting.

Chuzai-san’s “[desert-high-schoolers-at-the-pond grand plan](#)” failed, and on top of that, he still had some after effects in his throat and eyes all the way back to town, while he repeated “remember this” and hiccupped.

Even when I think about this now, for a police officer to say “Remember this” to high schoolers was pretty bad. If it were now, he would probably be on the news as an awful “public servant,” but back then, public servants weren’t paid much and especially being a police officer was like having to do hard labor with low wages so the people’s confidence in them was great. Either way, it was a tolerant time.

Now. The time was right before the record store strategy meeting.

Saijoh-kun said

“I have to drop by the teachers office for a bit.”

If it were a normal person saying that, the response would be “why?” but in his case, it was a daily event so no one was interested.

But because we were worried about what consequences might be tied to it, we asked

“did you do something?”

like usual, to which he responded,

“No... I’m just going to go get some stuff. Can you come with me?”

“What are you going to get?”

“It’s actually...”

->->->->

“A package from the book store!?”

“That’s right...”

From our suspicion of shoplifting incident, the worn out series that was pulled from of the bag, specifically, “worn out fly tape” and

“Saijoh-kun’s mom’s worn out underwear”

were left on the bookstore’s desk, he said. That was true... We put back the poison gas rag in the bag, but we closed it right after. (from v2 “[VS Bookstore](#)“)

“It seems as though Chuzai delivered that to the school...”

Chuzai!?

“That’s couldn’t be a good thing, right?”

Right. Please think back. Chuzai-san still had the “\*M Fan” January to August issues that we gave him, in his possession.

“Yeah..... well.....”

He said it as if he had something stuck in his molars.

“Did you check the contents yet?”

“Yeah, cause I was called out once already.”

Hm. And what about the “S\* Fan”?

“What? It was in there. The February issue...”

Likely... Just as I thought, Chuzai.

“So it’s confiscated again?”

“No... it’s not something that I brought to school. They won’t confiscate it.”

I see. So that’s why he had to pick it up after school... Should I have been happy for him?

“Well, you’re lucky it was the February issue. The January one had butter on it right?” (from v2 “ [Butter Rebellion](#)”)  
This was Murayama-kun’s question. Everyone remembered well.

“What? Y-yeah.”

Saijoh-kun mumbled.

What?

“You... didn’t... for February, too...?”

“Um. Just a little. The gravure page. I tested a little with butter... In the February issue...”

Huh!?

“Man. If it didn’t work on all the pages of January, it’s obviously not going to work on February, either, right!?”

“No. The printer might have been penitent, right?”

You be penitent!

Why didn’t he tell us earlier anyway?

But.

“Well... if that was all, it would have been fine...”

What? That wasn’t all of it? Even that much was already enough.

“Chuzai’s method was extreme. That’s why I’m so down.”

I was a bit surprised because I thought that it would end with “S\* Fan.” It wouldn’t have been a mistake to call Saijoh-kun “optimism walking around in a school uniform,” but he seemed so depressed. It was definitely not a trivial

matter.

“The problem is Shirai...”

By saying Shirai, he was referring to his homeroom teacher, Shirai Kyoko-sensei (fictitious name, age 30. Graduated from [Ochanomizu University](#)). Not only was she his homeroom teacher, she was the advisor to the track team that Saijoh-kun was a part of.

Does she have anything to do with it?

Along with Great Inoue-kun, I decided to go with Saijoh-kun to pick up the stuff.

Saijoh-kun was released from the teachers office before too long. In his hands was a paper bag from the bookstore with his name written largely.

What secrets were held within this normal looking paper bag?

[<- Review?](#)   [Read Next ->](#)

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# “Bokuchu” Us vs the Police: 700-Day War

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[<- Review?](#)   [Read Next ->](#)

We met in an empty classroom that was our base and waited for the paper bag to be opened.

“Well... Take a look.”

Saijoh-kun pulled out the contents one by one.

The first was the “fly tape” in a plastic bag. The bookstore owner was too honest. He didn’t have to return that.

Then, the magazine “S\* Fan,” February issue. As always, it’s a dreadful cover.

The only thing left should have been Saijoh-kun’s “mom’s worn out underwear.” But one paper back book came out. And folded in that book was one neatly ironed pair of underwear.

“What’s that book?”

We had no recollection.

When we looked closer, it was an erotic novel. And the title was

**“Female Teacher Kyoko’s \*\* Extracurricular Lesson!”**

What????

“It’s this. I have no idea what to do” said Saijoh-kun.

“This title is an amazing find... Because of it, Shirai won’t look at my eyes anymore.”

We were silent for about 10 seconds. But in the next moment,

**Bwa ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha**

We cracked up! Even the kanji for Kyoko-sensei’s name was the same! How amazing!

“Ah ha ha ha. Female teacher Kyoko, huh? Ah ha ha ha ha ha. He really did it. Chuzai!”

We were laughing so hard we couldn’t breathe.

To this, Saijoh-kun was offended and

“It’s no laughing matter! Kudou the guidance counselor saw it, too. This and the underwear! They wouldn’t believe me anyway even if I told them that it was a police officer, either!”

“Ah ha ha ha. That’s so true. Hey! Stop laughing, guys. Ah ha ha ha ha. This is no joke. Bwa ha ha ha.”

“Because of it, it makes it look like I have interest in Shirai, doesn’t it?”

“Ah ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha. That’s so true. It looks like that. Ah ha ha ha ha ha ha ha.”

“No. It’s no laughing matter. This underwear, too. Doesn’t it look like I’m preciously holding onto Shirai’s?”

“Wah ha ha ha. It does! It’s neatly ironed, too! Ah ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha. It’s your mom’s too! Wah ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha.”

“You know, when we have away meets with the track team? From Kudou’s point of view, it looks like I stole it then... Shirai’s underwear... Shirai’s gone silent, too...”

“Y-y-yeah... You have away meets... Silent!? Ah ha ha ha ha ha. Argh, I can’t breathe any more. Stop now.”

“I’m saying that it’s no laughing matter!”

Saijoh-kun said seriously.

“... Though, Chuzai’s even figured out who Saijoh’s homeroom teacher is.”

To this comment, Takaaki-kun said,

“Yeah. Our homeroom teachers are often called out to the police station.”

I see... It was already totally obvious then.

“I need to see Shirai every day... What should I do?”

It appeared as though it was a serious problem to him.

We finally regained some composure.

“That Chuzai isn’t an ordinary guy.”

“Yeah. It’s a surprise that someone like him is a police officer.”

“What an outrage that someone like him be assigned here...”

But it wasn’t time to be standing around and doing nothing.

“Should we get revenge?”

To this Saijoh-kun said

“Of course! An eye for an eye! Underwear for underwear!”

What are you emphasizing “underwear” for...?

[<- Review?](#)   [Read Next ->](#)

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# “Bokuchu” Us vs the Police: 700-Day War

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[<- Review?](#)   [Read Next ->](#)

“Underwear for underwear.”

Panty 1

Although we had said that, it was a bigger problem than we thought. The underwear that what we “wanted” wasn’t the underwear that we wore, without saying, it was the one that girls wore, the so-called “panty” variety. On top of that, according to our plan, it had to be the sexy kind, not like Saijoh-kun’s mom’s underwear.

It was an almost impossible task for a male high schooler to acquire them. It didn’t seem hard for a girl high schooler to acquire the male variety; I wonder where this discrepancy came from.

“Inoue. Can’t you get some from you little sister, Yuko-chan?”

Saijoh-kun said.

“Y-you idiot! There’s no way!”

Great Inoue-kun replied.

“Then can you steal some?”

“Like I said before, where in the world is there a brother that steals his little sister’s underwear!?”

Great Inoue-kun continued,

“On top of that, we can’t use one like my little sister wears. She’s in 9th grade, NINTH! Don’t we want one that’s sexier?”

“What!? What kind does Yuko-chan wear?”

The topic had already shifted to Yuko-chan’s underwear designs.

“Well... like cherry patterns...”

Great Inoue-kun answered honestly.

“Ohhhhhhhhh!”

“or striped...”

“Ohhhhhhhhh!”

There was excitement every time Great Inoue said another.

Oh, God... Why did you make guys like this?

“And, and?”

“Anyway. We’re not talking about Yuko-chan’s underwear designs, are we?”

“Yeah. But we should while we’re at it.”

What do you mean!?

“Well then. Takaaki. You go borrow your older sister’s!”

Saijoh-kun continued.

It appears as though this guy didn't care about the plan; he just wanted underwear.

"D-don't be stupid! If she finds out, she'll kill me!"

Takaaki-kun's sister was 18, one year older than we were. Maybe it shouldn't be said, but if you think in terms of women's underwear, it was the most valuable age. But as Takaaki kun had implied, she was stronger than he was, so his point was very valid.

"Hmmm."

There were 8 among us that had sisters, but nobody stepped up regarding this matter. Saijoh-kun and I only had brothers, so we didn't really understand, but it must have been "a big deal."

"Then... our only options are to steal or buy them..."

"Steal... is no good. If you get caught, being a panty thief..."

"Hmm..."

That's true.

"How about asking one of our classmates? I think it'll work if someone like Murayama asked, right?"

"Yeah, yeah. It's for times like these that **he's popular with the ladies.**"

No... I don't think it's for times like these that he's popular with the ladies.

"D-don't be stupid! What am I supposed to do after that?"

Murayama-kun came back with an obvious response.

"How about you go trick a girl into buying some? You're Zhuge Liang Kong Ming, right?"

He was talking to me.

I don't think Zhuge Liang Kong Ming ever anguished over something like this. What kind of ruse should I use to trick the girls anyway? No script came to mind.

It was a big barrier whether we bought, stole, or ask for it. To us male high schoolers, it can be said that its value was equal to that of a diamond, in a lot of different ways. Until then, I hadn't thought of the panty as such an amazing thing.

We ended up discarding the "receiving" and "stealing," and focused on buying. It was the safest, well, the only way that wasn't a crime. So we all put our minds together and found the "easiest place to buy girls underwear."

It was "the hospital store."

If we used the reason that "my little sister's hospitalized here," then couldn't we buy some from the hospital store? That was our plan. Great idea! I recommend it to other guys who are anguishing over the same thing.

We decided that we would go that day, and so the three main members headed for the municipal hospital.

But...

It was a hospital so its clientele was a little different from normal. The woman's underwear in the store was very plain.

"Hmm. We can't use these in our plan..."

We said as we curiously compared items in front of the women's underwear section. It was already unusual.

"Can I help you?"

asked a kind woman attendant.

I started,

“Ehh... My older sister’s going into long term hospitalization so I need to buy her some underwear...”

“Hmm...”

Now that I think about it, it was very odd for three high school males to be deciding on what underwear to buy a hospitalized older sister. Although the attendant looked a little skeptical, everything was going according to plan up to now...

... until Takaaki-kun said,

“Do you have something sexier?”

[<- Review?](#)   [Read Next ->](#)

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# “Bokuchu” Us vs the Police: 700-Day War

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[<- Review?](#)   [Read Next ->](#)

“S-sexy?”

Panty 2

The attendant asked back.

“Ones where the crotch is more slender or has lace on it...”

Idiot! Why is your answer so specific!? On top of that, you’re using “slender” wrong!

“S-sorry about that. We’ll come back later.”

We grabbed Takaaki-kun by the arm and hurried out of the store.

“Hey, what kind of little brother buys lacy underwear for his sister who’s in long term hospitalization?”

“But they were so plain...”

We left the municipal hospital feeling exhausted and in despair.

On our way back.

“Argh! Why aren’t there any panties on the ground somewhere!? Can’t we do anything about it? Panties!”

Uhm, it’s none of my business, but stop yelling out panties panties in the middle of town.

Some college girls passing by giggled.

“Why don’t we just go hit on those girls?”

“I don’t mind that, but what are you going to say to get their underwear?”

“Hey! Girls! **Wanna go buy some underwear together?** ”

“It’s doomed to fail...”

“Will we be scorned?”

No. Not scorned, but more like you’ll be reported to police?

“My older sister has some. Ones where the crotch is slender.”

Like I said, your use of “crotch is slender” isn’t right. It was like him to go just by looks.

“Hmm. That older sister, huh?”

“Unexpected?” asked Takaaki-kun.

“Yeah, your older sister seems more like a female boss.”

“Oh! Why don’t you ask her?”

“Huh?”

“It’s because I’m her brother, that it’s not ok, but she trusts you, kind of.”

What kind of trust is this?

“Don’t be stupid! I value my life, too.”

But that night.

I received a phone call from Takaaki-kun.

Takaaki-kun seemed like he was half crying.

“Hello? It-it’s me, Takaaki.”

“Oh. What’s going on?”

“Um. I’ll switch to my sister.”

“Huh? Your older sister?”

I could kind of hear “hurry up and switch” being yelled in the background.

“Hey, it’s me.”

It was a very dangerous atmosphere. Her greeting was “hey.” It’s kind of a late introduction, but Takaaki-kun’s older sister had a little, I mean, a fair amount of “delinquent girl leader” in her.

“Ahh, sister, it’s been a while.”

“You said you wanted my underwear?”

Huh?

“I caught Takaaki going through my underwear and when I asked him, he said that you wanted it. Is that true?”

“What!? ... No... that’s not...”

Takaaki, you stupid idiot! What are you saying!?

But then,

“It’s ok. I’ll give you some.”

“What?”

“I’m telling you that I’ll give you some. My underwear. Just because it’s your request. Great ones where the crotch is slender.”

Crotch is... both brother and sister were using it incorrectly.

“What, you’re not happy?”

“What, r-really? I-I’m happy. Really!”

Is this what you call popularity? Hope shined for a moment. Even though it was just underwear.

“Of course not! So it was really you!”

No!! Trapped!

“What the heck are you thinking!? **You super perverted high schooler!**”

“What? No... that’s... not right...”

CLICK!

The phone disconnected.

Super perverted high schooler.....

Why.....!?

[<- Review?](#) [Read Next ->](#)

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# “Bokuchu” Us vs the Police: 700-Day War

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[<- Review?](#)   [Read Next ->](#)

The next day at school.

I was still regretting the inadvertent phrase, “I’m happy. Really,” that I said last night while on the phone with Takaaki’s sister. No, it’s not that she trapped me, I was regretting the “really” part of the “I’m happy. Really.”

Argh. Super perverted high schooler... too.

As I was contemplating that, the combo of Takaaki-kun and Saijoh-kun ran over, totally out of breath.

“T-Takaaki!” I said angrily.

“Ah, I’m sorry about last night! It was inexcusable!”

“Because of you, I’m...”

As I was trying to complain, Saijoh-kun cut in.

“Forget that, look at this! This!”

It was an advertisement for a larger drugstore in town.

He was pointing at

“Womens panties: 3 for 980 Yen!” (about \$4 in 1975, \$9 now)

“Hey, hey, don’t you think this is a huge chance?”

It was fairly odd for male high school students to be happy while looking at an advertisement for panties.

“And look. This blurb! Here!”

“Sometimes sexily...”

I see.

“See? 3 for 980 Yen is great. Is there any way we can get them during the sale?”

It was a huge sale for panties to be this price at the time.

“Hmm. I wish we could buy them.”

But my class had disproportionately more girls. If possible, I would like this done somewhere other than at my desk.

“What’s cheap?”

See? Girls were weak to the word “cheap” and advertisements.

We quickly flipped over the open advertisement and randomly pointed at things.

“What? Oh, here. This...”

What Takaaki-kun was pointing at was of all things, “sterile protective suits.”

“... It’s... sterile... protective suits. Protective suits...”

“Yeah... protective suits, so cheap... I wish... I had some...”

In the country, these things also appeared in advertisements on the flip side of “Sometimes sexily...”

Even though we had found a cheap place, we hadn’t figured out the important part, how to acquire them.

On top of that, I had somewhere I had to go that day. It was Takaaki-kun’s house. I had to clear my name of the “super pervert,” and it would also be a problem if I couldn’t go there anymore. That sister was someone who could easily say something like “no perverts can cross the threshold of this house!”

As usual, Saijoh-kun was on the back of my bike. Takaaki-kun was on his bike by himself in front of us.

His sister went by train to a girl’s school a little ways away. We waited for her to come home and visited her room.

“Oh! Erotic High schooler! How dare you waltz in.”

“No... the truth is...”

We told her the real reason why we wanted the underwear including our revenge on Chuzai-san.

“So... that’s why. It’s not that we wanted ones that you wore.”

“I see. You should have told me that first.”

Someone who yelled and hung up the phone should not say something like that. But it was a relief that at least I was able to clear up the misunderstanding with his sister.

“I was thinking that you wanted my just worn panties.”

“No, no. We don’t need THAT.”

Fool! Saijoh!

“What did you say? Saijoh, ‘THAT’?”

After grabbing Saijoh-kun’s collar, she said

“Ehh? It sounds like you’re saying that the ones I wore are dirty. Hey!”

Even though hoodlums would walk away from Saijoh-kun in the allies, he was like a kitten when against her.

“N-no. Not in any way. I want the ones you wore even more, but...”

“What did you say? You perverted kid!”

What kind of answer was she expecting?

The mind of a delinquent girls leader was complicated.

“Ok! I’ll go buy some for you.”

“What? Really?”

“Yeah. Let’s go now.”

We found the means of acquiring them in an unexpected place. Yeah. We should have done this to begin with. We followed his sister with smiles on our faces.

Shortly after entering the drugstore, his sister came out with a small bag.

“Here. I got ones so sexy that even I was embarrassed!”

“T-thank you very much! Onee-sama\*1!”

“It was 1200 yen. Pay up guys.”

What? Wasn’t it 3 for 980 Yen?

But because our chests were filled with anticipation, we moved over to the open lot next to the store and opened the bag excitedly.

“Hey, hurry up!”

“Don’t rush me!”

“Hmm, I’m so excited.”

“I wonder if girls open them in the same way?”

“No... There’s no way that they do.”

“Enough of that, hurry, hurry!”

The underwear that was pulled out with much anticipation was,

Leopard print!?

[<- Review?](#)   [Read Next ->](#)

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# “Bokuchu” Us vs the Police: 700-Day War

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[<- Review?](#)   [Read Next ->](#)

Leopard print.....

Jaime

For the first time, we realized that we had “chosen the wrong person.”

“It seems as though we have a **different idea of sexy** from your sister...”

“Yeah...”

Although we had said that, we had already blown 1200 Yen by paying her for the leopard print underwear... We were unable to endure this because it was at about the same time that “[Kougai Blues](#)” had sucked up our money. But if we asked Takaaki-kun’s sister one more time, she would probably say,

“What!? You saying that you don’t like the one I chose!?”

Hey, hey.

The result of that inquiry was brighter than day, so we didn’t have the guts to ask again.

And so we thought of an ultimate plan.

That was to “**make a woman.**”

No, it wasn’t something simple like making a lover. It was to

“create a woman.”

In short, a [Bionic Jaime](#). In the general public, there are idiots who call this “wearing girl’s clothes,” but this was a remodel. Remodel.

We grabbed the shortest one of our members, a freshman named “Tange-kun” and told him the circumstances of our plan.

“What!? No way! Not something like that!”

We already knew his answer.

So we forcefully held down Tange-kun and started our remodeling.

The clothes were ones that we borrowed from the drama club and were “servant’s clothes.” The makeup was also stolen from the drama club. Of course the drama club was in a uproar.

“Hey! Where are you taking that!?”

“**Shut up! If you want it back, bring a real girl!**”

It wasn’t a normal conversation. It sounded more like a violent mountain bandit or pirate.

Back at the, remodeling Tange-kun room.

“W-what are you doing, Senpai!?”

“Just calm down! If you calm down, we won’t do anything.”

We were going to do more if he did calm down.

I cautioned Tange-kun.

"Listen up. You're a remodeled human. You're like Ichimonji Hayato from [Kamen Rider](#)."

"K-Kamen Rider!?"

Tange-kun reflected on that for a moment, but

"That's totally different!"

"Ah, foiled."

"Just do it!"

If you were only listening, it sounded like the scene of a horrendous crime.

We made him wear a dress, stuffed paper to make his chest, made his hips with cloth, and made him wear pantyhose and makeup.

For the finishing touch, we made him put on the "leopard print underwear" over his pantyhose. Our Bionic Jaime was finally complete.

Tange-kun was already semi-crying.

But then,

"Beautiful..."

"For real..."

Everyone was surprised at the unexpected beauty of our remodel, even though he did have hairy legs.

Next, we took pictures.

"Listen up, if you don't want us to distribute these pictures, do as we say. "

What kind of crime was this...? Kind of odd because it wasn't just the pictures, the person himself was going to be distributed shortly.

"All right! Bionic Jaime! Your mission is to go buy the 3 underwear for 980 Yen!"

It was a pitiful mission.

About ten of us surrounded Jaime and we left the school. We really stood out. The school halls were in a uproar. I mean, even though he was the shortest, he was over 160cm (5'3"), so he was a big girl. On top of that, the clothes from the drama club were bizarre; it's nationality was unidentifiable. And we also didn't have shoes so he was wearing athletic shoes!

This was lots of fun. Out of all the things we had done, there wasn't any time we laughed harder. I mean, you've never seen a servant walk through your town, have you? This one was going to go shopping, too.

We coached his, no, Jaime's actions until we were in front of the drugstore and completed the flawless woman.

Go! Jaime!

Even though you were some sort of big foreign girl!

Since this project was so funny, all of us also went into the drugstore. We were having serious difficulties holding in our laughter during the time it took for him, I mean Jaime, to buy the panties.

The clerk was so suspicious. It made us think that it would have been better if we had just gone with our normal school uniforms.



But they couldn't refuse any customers, so Jaime magnificently acquired two sets of 3 panties for 980 Yen each!!

After we rushed out of the store, we blew out the laughter that we had been holding in.

We must have laughed while rolling on the asphalt for 10 minutes. I thought I was going to die.

This is how we, after great suffering, acquired "panties."

There were tears in everyone's eyes.

From laughing too hard.

[<- Review?](#)   [Read Next ->](#)

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# “Bokuchu” Us vs the Police: 700-Day War

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[<- Review?](#)   [Read Next ->](#)

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We gloriously (not really) acquired six pairs of panties, thanks to Bionic Jaime.

We returned to school and back to the classroom that was our base.

While confirming each pair, the members were surrounded by an extreme sense of excitement.

“Wow. This is the first time I’ve ever seen them this close.”

Without saying, the one that was the most excited was Saijoh-kun.

“Didn’t you see your moms?”

“Stupid bastard! It’s different from my mom’s!”  
very true.

“But these are brand new and haven’t been worn by anyone yet.”

To this opinion Saijoh-kun responded,

“You idiot. Brand new has its own merits! How can I say... It’s like enjoying a painting... you guys just don’t understand the artistry.”

I didn’t.

But to Saijoh-kun’s “viewing argument,” many of the members were strongly agreeing.

Saijoh-kun was already unchallenged in the field of panties.

“You do it like this. Enjoy its shape while loving the way it feels and its elasticity...”

Saijoh-kun was giving his speech as if admiring ceramic arts. They were only panties though.

“And then you imagine.”

“Imagine what?”

“Like what would happen if Yuko-chan wore them, and stuff.”

You’re going there again!

“W-what did you say!?”

Great Inoue-kun couldn’t hold it in, his little sister being used as an example.

“Don’t imagine my sister! Idiot!”

“Hee hee. Even her real brother can’t stop my imagination.”

“Y-you!”

“Didn’t John Lenon say it, also? Imagination is free...”

John Lenon is being ruined.

To Saijoh-kun, who was imagining his little sister without permission, Great Inoue-kun said,

“F-fine. If you say that then... Saijoh’s mom!!”

“Hvv!?”

“Stupid, stupid, my image got all messed up!”  
“That’s what you get! Using someone else’s little sister without permission!”  
“D-damn! Fine then! I’ll imagine Yuko-chan even more vividly!”  
“Oh no you don’t! Saijoh’s mom’s belly!!”  
“Aaarrgh! The image won’t come back.”

They’re fighting with their imaginations... These two... It can be called high level in certain respects.

Back to our plan, we weren’t going to use all six pairs of panties as new. It was necessary to enact treatment on most of them.

What kind of treatment you ask?

It was to make them into “used panties.”  
Argh... it’s pitiful just to write that...

At the time, there was a weekly publication aimed at young men called “Weekly Playboy” that conquered a generation. This was a weekly magazine that had no relation to the “Playboy” from the States, but it was widely supported by the young people of that time. Once in this magazine, as a “method of crime,” there appeared an article on “how to make used panties.” Well... what can I say, it made good business now as well as before. This article had a list of items used (there were items), and was detailed and organized much like a recipe.

Using this article as a basis, we took some time to treat our brand new panties into “used” ones.

“Umm... first step is to wash them.”

Because it was time for the train, the washing became the responsibility of the bike commute group.

With Murayama-kun, I headed towards the chemistry classroom. That and home economics classroom were the only rooms with faucets.

But. What was waiting for us when we opened the door excitedly, with panties in hand, was a chemistry classroom full of seniors.

“W-what? What are you guys doing?”  
“After school experiment.”  
“Sorry about that.”

“How about the home economics classroom?”  
“No. It’s usually locked.”  
“Bathroom?”  
“Too many people.”

So what we finally figured out was, “outside.”

There was a metal basin, soap, and detergent that the athletic clubs used for their laundry there.

But the Tennis club manager came and asked  
“Guys! You’re not thinking of taking the basin again, are you?”

That’s right. We had the previous offence of stealing the basin in “[We are Turtles.](#)”

“If you’re going to use it, use it here!”

Your daily actions come back to effect you like this.

It couldn't be helped, so while the tennis club was sweating in their workout in the setting sun, we hesitantly washed the panties next to them.

What were we doing?

As the foam built up and we were thinking that they were about done,

some girls from the tennis club came over.

"What are you guys doing?"

"Eh? No-n-nothing! Go away!"

"Laundry? If it's laundry, we'll do it for you?"

"It-it's ok! We're done!"

Since we were frantically hiding the panties in the foam, we couldn't change the positions of our bodies. We had bizarre postures because we only had our heads turned like Damian.

"What, we'll do it for you. Don't be shy!"

The girls wouldn't back down. At this point, I was strongly regretting choosing Murayama-kun, who was very popular with the girls, as my fellow laborer.

"It's ok! W-w-we love you so go away!"

Love was being sold cheaply.

"Stop being so shy. Hand it over....."

**Revelation.....**

Panty 3
---------

Ahh, mother. Thank you for raising me until now. My life will now end... Even though my life had just started...  
(from Bohemian Rhapsody)

"Wha-! Wha-! What is this!?"

They're panties... Like the ones you're wearing...

"I, I can't believe it! You're the pits—!"

After throwing the panties back into the basin, they left as though they were running away.

Not again.....

[<- Review?](#)   [Read Next ->](#)

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# “Bokuchu” Us vs the Police: 700-Day War

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[<- Review?](#)   [Read Next ->](#)

Although we paid a steep price, we completed the manufacturing of the “used panties.”

I’ve managed to be established as a “super pervert” in my class. Seeing that no rumors of thit kind were started for the other laborer (by that I mean washing panties), Murayama-kun, I can still feel the reverberations of the acts that started with the \*\* Fan. Not only that, but the touching story of Murayama-kun “bringing his sick mother’s laundry to school” had become a rumor. As a side note, Murayama-kun’s mom was tenacious like her kids and could never be described as sickly. In schools that have a lot of girls, it was that kind of advantage that was gained by being popular with the girls. Crap.

The “used panties” that we made really did look like they were used, but because none of us had actually seen real used panties, we had no idea whether they were made well. By the way, I do remember in detail the steps of the recipe after “washing,” but I won’t write it here. The reason is because I would be troubled if someone were to copy us, but more than that, I’m too embarrassed to write it.

“Hmm. It’s made well.”

“Hmm. Is it made well...?”

“We don’t have real ones so...”

“Inoue. Go compare them to Yuko-chan’s.”

“As I was saying! Where can you find a brother like that!? Get your mind off of Yuko already!”

In response to Great Inoue-kun’s obvious reasoning, Saijoh-kun quietly closed his eyes.

“Ah! You! Going into meditation again!?”

“Hee hee hee.”

“Crap! Special move, Shirai-sensei!”

Yuko-chan

“Ah! Interfering again!”

“Guys, cut it out already. Inoue, you stop keeping pace with Saijoh’s delusions. You’ll get infected.”

Yuko-chan 2

“Hey, hey! Guys, talking about my delusions as if they were a virus! You guys would be surprised if you ever saw them!”

What kind of boast is that?

Putting the reality of the panties aside, our preparations were complete. It was finally time for action.

This time’s operation was a little different from the previous ones. It was because Chuzai-san was already used to our pranks. People who are used to pranks become very wary, but because of their wariness, they become exceedingly easier to trap. Either way, we needed an even more thorough program.

It was determined that Friday of this week would be the day for carrying it out. When we studied Chuzai-san’s

schedule, we found out that Friday was the only day that he would come back to the RPS at a set time. On the other days, we had no idea when Chuzai-san would be at the RPS. For our plan, we needed him to come back to the RPS at a precise time.

On that day, we split up into four groups and were at our assigned positions. This was in a time before cell phones, so we had no way of contacting one another once we split up. Therefore, accidents or unforeseen circumstances weren't forgiven.

But. An unforeseen circumstance occurred from the beginning.

"S-senpai! There's a problem!"

Said Jaime, also known as Tange-kun, who was assigned to the same installation group (you'll know soon what we were installing) that I was in.

"What is it?"

"I-it seems as though we're missing some of the underwear..."

"Huh?"

"We had six pairs right?"

Jaime said, as he peeked into the paper bag with the panties.

"Yeah. You bought them so you should know, right?"

"Yeah. But there are only five pairs in here."

"W-what did you say?"

"You didn't confirm it?"

"I did confirm, but..."

"Then why are we short!?"

"Hmm. That's odd. Saijoh-senpai and Takaaki-senpai both confirmed it at the end too..."

"What?"

"Like I said, Saijoh-senpai and Takaaki-senpai both confirmed it after I did."

"You... gave that to them?"

"Yeah... I felt like they would kill me if I didn't... Was there... a problem?"

Problem... It could be said that there was no greater problem than that.

"Idiot! You can't give them things like that!"

"I... I'm sorry..."

"The missing one must have been stolen by Saijoh or Takaaki... Well, it's ok. We just need to adjust our plan for five pairs."

The damage wasn't as bad if it was just one pair between the two of them.

"Yes!"

"... Oh, and..."

"What, is there something else?"

“Yeah... there’s five pairs left, but”

“Hurry up and say it.”

**“One is the leopard print one...”**

[<- Review?](#)   [Read Next ->](#)

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# “Bokuchu” Us vs the Police: 700-Day War

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[<- Review?](#)   [Read Next ->](#)

“So it turns out that two were stolen after all!”

“Yes... But we have the leopard print.”

“We can’t use that!”

“It’s like they say, your friends can be treacherous.”

“What is that? Tr-ter-tra-... Wha?”

This guy, too...

“Tarantulas are spiders!”

You’re in 10th grade; stop showing off your knowledge about arachnids! I know that without you confirming it! I’m amazed that this guy passed the entrance exam.

But... To think that they stole one each... On top of that, who does Saijoh think we’re doing this revenge for?

Even while we were wasting our time away, things were moving along steadily, and the first group was probably started on their operation already.

Our group was assigned right next to the RPS, so we couldn’t see the other groups. Because of that, parts of next section are guesses according to the operation flowchart.

First group=guiding group’s job was to catch the teachers as they left from school. Our target was of course the “female teacher” Shirai Kyoko-sensei. She was Saijoh-kun’s homeroom teacher, advisor to his club, and shared the same name with the erotic book, “Female Teacher Kyoko’s \*\* Extracurricular Lesson.”

Shirai-sensei commuted by train so she always left precisely at the same time, accompanied by a younger female teacher, “Anzai Misuzu-sensei (fictitious name, 26yr old).” Anzai Misuzu-sensei was in charge of the chemistry classes, and didn’t have a homeroom. Even though she wore glasses, she was pretty good looking. Her looks could be described as, appearing in Saijoh-kun’s delusions once in a while. Out of all the teachers, these two always left the earliest. For good or bad, they were civil servant teachers.

The group that was in charge of them was the “diligent group,” led by Great Inoue-kun. Because trustworthiness was of utmost importance here, he was perfect because he did well in class. Well, I was even more diligent. That goes without saying.

“S-Shirai-sensei! There’s a problem!”

“What is it? What’s the rush?”

“S-Saijoh’s...!”

“S-Saijoh did something again?”

Their role was to guide the two female teachers to the RPS. This “there’s a problem with Saijoh” were the “words most dreaded” by his homeroom teacher Shirai-sensei, so it was no question that she would respond quickly. It was already an ultimate spell much like “Megante<sup>\*1</sup>” or “Meteo<sup>\*2</sup>.”



After seeing this, the communication group moved by bike. They went to tell Saijoh-kun's "delinquent group" that things had started.

But as of this time, Chuzai-san hadn't come back yet. On a normal Friday, he would have been back by this time so we panicked.

But, a few minutes later, Chuzai-san returned. We were able to calm down. This was the first and last time we ever rejoiced in the returning of a police officer.

The other reason why we chose this date and time was because it was certain that Shirai-sensei's would be going home at the same time Chuzai-san would be in the station. One other thing is that Chuzai-san always took off his jacket after returning to the RPS in the afternoon. This habit was most important.

Finally, the six members of the delinquent group arrived in front of the RPS "riding two to a bike." The commotion that they were causing while riding two to a bike seemed somewhat unnatural. However we already knew from "Volume 2 [Cheering Squad](#)" that Chuzai-san was fussy about people riding two to a bike.

Pepepepepepepepppp

It was only moments later that Chuzai-san ran out blowing on his whistle.

"Hey! No riding two to a bike, you guys!!!"

At this time, everyone except Saijoh's group got off their bikes and ran. Those two were questioned.

"Geh! S-Saijoh!"

Saijoh-kun was already a being worthy of having a "Geh" response by Chuzai-san. I couldn't say much better for myself though.

"Good evening, Mr. Policeman."

"What? You seem to be in a good mood today..."

By the time Chuzai-san was having doubts about Saijoh-kun's smiling face, our installation group was already inside of the RPS.

\*1 Ultimate self sacrificing spell in Dragon Quest (Dragon Warrior).

\*2 Ultimate spell in Final fantasy which calls down meteors on the enemy.

[<- Review?](#)   [Read Next ->](#)

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# “Bokuchu” Us vs the Police: 700-Day War

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[<- Review?](#)   [Read Next ->](#)

Three of our members infiltrated the RPS. Murayama-kun, who was the tallest, Jaime, who was the shortest, and me. One person was also outside as the lookout.

Panty 5

It all depended on Saijoh-kun's skill in stalling Chuzai-san, but our role was the most dangerous and had the least amount of time.

Murayama-kun started removing a picture frame as soon as he entered the RPS. I'm not sure if you know this, but for some reason, RPS' or any other police box for that matter, had a picture frame that contained some moral instructions that were written by the General Superintendent or someone similar. Because we had to take this down for our operation, the very tall Murayama-kun was necessary. Jaime and I were by the desks. On the other hand, Jaime was the smallest, so he was ideal at hidden works. I guess you can call it the right person for the right place.

“By the way, senpai.”

Jaime said in a whisper.

“Isn't this a crime?”

Even though he had just finished saying that tarantula's were spiders, he had a good point.

“You idiot. If you steal something, then you're a thief, but we're leaving stuff, right?”

“That's true, but...”

“For example, how would you feel if all of the sudden there was a pair of used panties in your room?”

“I would be very happy!”

“Right? **It's not a crime to do something that would make people happy.**”

“Ah! You're right. That's true!”

“Weren't you taught in elementary school to do unto others, things that would make you happy if other did to you?”

“Yes! I was taught that!”

This guy is easy to use.

Well then, let me explain the operation of our installation group in order. We had four operations to complete of which two were of most importance. The other two were “maki.” “Maki” was a word that we defined as a prank that was set just so that it would be exposed.

We brought the five panties that we treated to be used, and two “outrageous photo print” cut out from Saijoh-kun's “\*M Fan.”

First, we opened up the vinyl desk cover in the RPS and sandwich one of the “outrageous photo print” in there. I'm not sure if you know about this, either, but most of the desks in police boxes had soft vinyl covers on them so that the

guests (?) can fill out written records with ballpoint pens. Under this cover was another green urethane desk mat where they could sandwich documents and such in between them. We hid the “photo print” by placing some random documents from the RPS on the desk.

Next, we opened up the picture frame that Murayama-kun had taken down and after placing the other “outrageous photo print,” returned it to where it was. **The General Superintendent probably never imagined that a “outrageous photo print” like this would ever be on top.** It didn’t matter anymore, but in the little time we had, this was the most important operation. Just as one would expect from the General Superintendent!

Next came the used panties.

Of which, two were ironed “so that they looked exactly like handkerchiefs.” We placed these in Chuzai-san’s jacket pockets.

Another one went into the trashcan. We opened it up as much as possible.

And, this was the most important, but we placed one on the telephone. These were great phone covers. Because it’s hard to comprehend, I drew a detailed picture. The part that held the receiver was truly a work of art.

At the time, even the phones at the RPS were black dial type phones. It was normal for police boxes to have one more black phone but this was a internal line. It was an older model, had a weird shape, and was only used for making calls to other police stations.

This is an unrelated story about this panty phone cover, but almost ten years after this incident, when my college friend found some panties, he used in a similar way as a cover. I hadn’t even told him the story, so I was impressed. I guess the things guys think up aren’t that different. Was it your instinct, Handa-kun?

But, our panty phone cover wasn’t a novelty, so there was something different about it. It was that we had treated it so that it would be very difficult to remove.

The three of us had this much work to finish before Chuzai-san came back. Because we had so little time, efficiency was necessary.

“Ok! Used panty!”

“Here!”

“Next! ‘Erotic photo print!’”

“Here!”

“Senpai!”

“What is it?”

“You’re almost like [Black Jack](#) and looking cool!”

Does Black Jack ever say ‘Erotic photo print’?

“Hmm. Does that make me Pinoko<sup>\*1</sup>?”

“Yeah. We’ll make you bionic Pinoko next time.”

“What? Acchonburike<sup>\*2</sup>?”

Tange-kun didn’t seem too opposed to the idea. I guess it’s true that those kinds of things become habits.

We quickly finished the traps, snuck quietly out of the RPS, and sent the signal to Saijoh-kun. The sunset outside soaked into my eyes. And in that sunset I saw the figures of Kyoko-sensei quickly heading towards us.

All right, it's time for the shoot-out!

\*1 An assistant to Black Jack. She's a little girl.

\*2 Pinoko's favorite phrase.

[<- Review?](#)   [Read Next ->](#)

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# “Bokuchu” Us vs the Police: 700-Day War

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[<- Review?](#)   [Read Next ->](#)

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Chuzai-san's lecture to Saijoh-kun was continuing. Or maybe it's better to say that Saijoh-kun was stretching it out.

"I see you're not with Girl Bike today."

"What? He's right there."

Saijoh-kun said, pointing at the RPS.

Chuzai-san turned around as if startled.

I was standing in the entrance.

Chuzai-san hurriedly ran over from the other side of the street. Saijoh-kun followed as if chasing him. Stories about detained high schoolers chasing police officers are pretty rare.

In response to our joyful greeting,

"You guys... are up to something again, huh?"

He's got good intuition.

"We had something we wanted to give you today."

We went into the RPS even though Chuzai-san hadn't said anything, and sat down in our usual spot in front of the interrogation desk, without permission.

After Chuzai-san grudgingly went to the other side of the desk, I pulled things out one at a time from a shopping bag.

"These are because we're thankful that you're always taking care of us."

First was some chocolate.

Next was another chocolate.

Next was a notebook.

Next was another notebook.

And yet another notebook.

Next were two ballpoint pens.

Last were some drafting triangles.

"??"

Chuzai-san was dumbfounded for a while, while watching us line up the items on his desk.

I neatly placed these items in a single row starting from in front of Saijoh-kun.

"Please take these as a symbol of our feelings."

But because Chuzai-san was suspicious of everything that we did, he didn't touch them.

Of course he didn't. Aside from the chocolate, who would bring "drafting triangles" as a gift? Chuzai-san sat there with his arms folded.

But then he discovered the "outrageous photo print" next to the note under the desk cover!

"Ah! You guys!"

And as he tried to stand up and reach for the notebook,

"Y-you guys!" "Saijoh-kun!" "Saijoh!"

Shirai Kyoko-sensei and Anzai Misuzu-sensei, led by Great Inoue-kun, arrived in a great hurry. There couldn't have been better timing.

"What? Y, you folks are...?"

To the bewildered Chuzai-san's question,

"Ah. I'm their schools... their homeroom teacher."

Saijoh-kun and I looked down while sitting, and assumed the "guilty pose" as soon as the teachers entered.

The teachers, seeing us quietly looking down and the food and stationary items lined up on the desk in front of us, made assumptions about the situation.

"Ahh... Saijoh...What... have you done!?"

We held our silence but Chuzai-san not being able to follow the situation's rapid development said,

"What? Um... What brings you teachers?"

To this, Shirai-sensei and Anzai-sensei deeply bowed their heads and,

"I'm sorry. I don't know what to say... about this..."

Panic had settled in Shirai-sensei. But Chuzai-san was panicking even more. It seemed as though he had no idea what was going on around him. It's not hard to see why. All Chuzai-san did was warn us about two people riding on a bike.

"Say something, Saijoh!"

We continued our reflection in silence.

"N-no. It's not like that."

Chuzai-san said. But because our teacher was so upset over the situation, it seemed she couldn't hear his words.

"Ahh... What should we do...?"

"No. Miss, it's actually..."

Chuzai-san started saying, but he remembered that the "outrageous photo print" on the desk in front of us, was in sight of Anzai-sensei, and hurriedly tried to hide it with a notebook. But Saijoh-kun placed both hands in a fist on top of the notebook and used all of his strength to interfere with the notebook's movement. To people looking on it was a "Oh, what did I do this time" pose. Chuzai-san casually increased his strength on the notebook. He was desperate to try to cover the "outrageous photo print." Saijoh-kun resisted. Saijoh-kun's fists and Chuzai-san's fingertips were trembling and I could tell that both of them were using all of their strength. To tell you the truth, this silent battle on the desk was so funny it was hard for me to keep from laughing.

As Chuzai-san and Saijoh-kun were inconspicuously battling behind the scenes,

“W-which store was it?”

Anzai-sensei asked.

I responded,

“The... general store... next door...”

quietly and hesitantly. We did buy them at the general store next door. There was no other way to answer that.

Because Chuzai-san had all of his strength in the notebook, his mind was half distracted and still couldn’t follow the situation.

“No, umm teacher, it’s not like that...”

Our teacher confused that as “the police officer trying to protect us,” and responded with “No officer. It’s not your fault that they did something bad. The problem is how to make them realize it themselves.”

No, teacher. The problem is that you guys need to realize what the situation is .

Chuzai-san tried to control the situation.

“No, Teacher... Calm down...”

At the same time he said that, Great Inoue-kun who led the teachers here said,

“Um... Umm, Teacher... I... think I should go...”

He said this very awkwardly. We had told Great Inoue-kun to say that he wanted to leave as soon as the situation started to change. This was to keep them from calming down.

“Ah? Ah. That’s true. That’s true. Thank you, Inoue-kun. Leave the rest to your teachers.”

“Then... I’ll...”

And as Inoue-kun tried to leave, he just happened to trip over the trashcan, knocking it over.

“Ah...”

“That’s ok. I’ll clean it up, so you just go...”

As Anzai-sensei got closer to the trash to clean it up, her hand froze.

That’s right. This one had the spread open “used panty” inside of it.

**“GEH!”**

It was at this point in time that Chuzai-san realized the seriousness of this situation.

[<- Review?](#)   [Read Next ->](#)

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# “Bokuchu” Us vs the Police: 700-Day War

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[<- Review?](#)   [Read Next ->](#)

What? “We Will Lock You”’s Lock is supposed to be spelled with a “R”? To all you Queen fans that have pointed this out...

This is correct. Therefore, please say Lock while rolling your tongue.

Ok. We? Will? LLLLLLLock, You.

Excellent.

For those of you who have “We Will Rock You,” if you start playing it halfway through reading it, you can really appreciate its effect.

## Volume 4 Chapter 12 – We Will LOCK You

Anzai-sensei tried to pick up the trash that fell out of the trashcan (including the used panties). But Anzai-sensei was still 26 and a single woman. As expected, her hands froze, but even then she started picking up as if she reconsidered. If I had a video camera back then, I would have liked to video tape this scene that I saw out of the corner of my eye. The way she grabbed, no, pinched it was superb.

“N-no. Teacher, it’s ok. I... I... I will do it.”

Chuzai-san tried to run over to the trashcan, resulting in him losing the battle on the desk with Saijoh-kun. Shirai-sensei ended up getting a good look at “outrageous photo print” after all.

Chuzai-san, finally realizing that he “had been done in,” started looking around the RPS for more traps.

And.

He discovered the “even more outrageous photo print” that was sandwiched in the picture frame!!

“HVU!”

Humans normally exhale while using their voices, but when they’re really startled, they do it while inhaling. This had a “strange animalistic tone” to it.

To give a little explanation on the “even more outrageous photo print.” This was beyond the level of an ordinary porno picture, way past things like nudes and was in a “different world of super fetish.” Let’s see. For instance, if there was a couple that loved each other for ten years and this “outrageous photo print” was discovered in his room, **90% of women would think about breaking up**. If I was her, I would break up without an explanation. Regardless of how many beautiful memories we had together. It was at that level. The real problem was why it was in the possession of Saijoh-kun who was in 11th grade at the time.

“T-teachers. T-this is theirs, I mean, these students...”

As if to interrupt Chuzai-san’s voice while he was explaining the situation,

**RiRiRiRiRiRiRiRi**

The phone rang. It sounded a little muffled.

Reluctantly, Chuzai-san went to pick up the phone, but as you know already, the phone had a phone cover on it.



“Uvaaa!!”

Panty 5

Chuzai-san let out another strange noise.

Even if it was someone else's prank, there was no way he could show a phone covered with panties, used panties at that, to some women. This was a police box of justice after all. In a great hurry, he used his body to cover up the phone, and took the receiver in hand. Chuzai-san was acting very odd.

“H-h-hello. Th-this is the RPS.”

His voice was nervous.

“Yes, it is. What?”

“H-high school!?”

This phone call was actually made by one of our friends, a new character named “Chiba-kun,” from the “public phone across the street.” In every school or grade, there's at least one person who is good at imitating teachers voices. He was that one. Chiba-kun was especially good at imitating the guidance counselor, Kudou-sensei's voice, and it was impossible to tell the difference from the real person. Even among us members, we were tricked repeatedly. Because it was so similar, I've yelled “you can cut it out now!” to a phone call from the real Kudou-sensei.

To this “phone call from the high school,” Chuzai-san once again fell into panic. You could tell from looking at his back that he was furiously trying to take off the cover while on the phone.

But there was no way it was coming off, because it was “screwed in” with the legs. (Phones of that time had rubber screw in legs.)

“What? Shirai, sensei, you said? ... aah, yes, she's here... Y-yes. She is currently here, but...”

“Oh, for me?”

Shirai-sensei asked curiously.

Chuzai-san turned just his head and grunted towards Shirai-sensei.

“Ahh. Y-yes yes. I-I'll put her on right now.”

But.

Even though he had said that he would put her on, he realized that there was no way he could hand her the phone with the panty cover on it.

Since it couldn't be helped, he tried to hand her just the receiver while covering the base, but his posture was extremely “odd.”

Black phones had short curly cords, so he couldn't gain distance.

It couldn't be helped, so Shirai-sensei came closer and finally took the receiver. The curly cord had already become a straight one. Because they were pulling it so much, the base flipped over. Chuzai-san frantically tried to put it back.

But his hard work was in vain.

“Oh my. It's disconnected...”

On top of that, Shirai-sensei had again mistakenly assumed that “the situation was already known at the school,”

and had become totally uneasy. Shirai-sensei and Anzai-sensei looked at each other.

Chuzai-san thinking that it was because he dropped the phone said,  
“What? It-it’s disconnected? S-sorry about that...”

No, it wasn’t. In actuality, Chiba-kun had disconnected this phone call from his end.

“Umm... Mr. Police Officer, may I please use the phone?”

It seems as though she wants to use the phone, Chuzai-san.

[<- Review?](#)   [Read Next ->](#)

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# “Bokuchu” Us vs the Police: 700-Day War

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[<- Review?](#)   [Read Next ->](#)

“Umm... Mr. Police Officer, may I please use the phone?”  
Shirai-sensei had become totally anxious.

Hiding the Phone

But of course it was a problem for Chuzai-san for her to say that.

“What? N-no... this phone is... um... only for official business...”  
is what he said, but because it was odd for a RPS not to let a citizen in crisis use the phone,

“I-I’ll dial. W-what’s the number?”

Chuzai-san was already trying to rip off the panties as he said that. But don’t underestimate nylon. It won’t rip. Especially because we took the strongest one and strengthened the fabric on the back even more. What we feared was that he would bring out scissors, so we had already hidden the scissors and utility knife type items that were around the desk.

The phone rang again.

**RiRiRiRiRiRiRiRi**

“Excuse me Chuzai-san.”  
I said while the phone was ringing.

“W-what is it?”

“We’re going to leave now, can we?”

“What?”  
Replied Chuzai-san.

“Ehh?”  
Replied the teacher.

Chuzai-san had again picked up the phone with his back facing us and,  
“H-hello, this is the RPS. Ah, s-sorry about last time.”  
He started frantically talking to the school (Chiba-kun) again in a nervous voice.

Ignoring that,  
“Sensei, let’s leave. You’ll miss your train.”

“What? What? What?”  
As you know by now, women were weak to extremely rapid developments.

Chuzai-san was still on the phone with the school (Chiba-kun).  
“What? I don’t need to put her on? Yes?”

As we tried to leave the RPS, Chuzai-san finally got off of his stressful phone call.

“W-wait! G-guys!”

He tried to stop us.

The teachers also asked,  
“What is this about, guys?” and glared at us.

Well. This was to be expected.

Saijoh-kun then said,  
“Oh. One more thing.”  
And took out one book from his bag and lined it up next to the drafting triangle.

That’s right. It was the “Female Teacher Kyoko’s \*\* Extracurricular Lesson.”

“You delivered this to me the other day, but it’s not mine, so...”

“Hve! Ah, ahh...”  
Chuzai faltered. Shirai-sensei’s eyes were darting around. Anzai-sensei, after seeing the title, looked away.

Even Chuzai-san couldn’t come up with an explanation in front of “the real female teacher Kyoko.”

“E-erm... I appreciate it...”  
He was silent after this ambiguous reply.

“Well then. Chuzai-san, please eat those chocolates, okay?”

We ignored Chuzai-san and the teachers and triumphantly left the RPS behind us.

Afterwards, the teachers caught up to us in a jog after pardoning themselves with Chuzai-san.

“Y-you guys! Explain what that was all about!”  
“Umm. We can explain it, but it might be better if you didn’t hear it?”

That was true. Panties, “outrageous photo print,” an erotic novel with her name on it, and phone calls from school.  
How were they going to ask their students about this? The teachers also became silent.

Saijoh-kun said,  
“Shirai-sensei, we don’t steal other people’s stuff, ok?”

“I, I believe that, but...”

It was a total lie.

Through the lights and shadows of the slowly darkening town, we could hear a war cry like voice from the RPS that we had left far behind.

**DAMNNNNNNNNN!!!!**

Volume 4, The End..... is what I would like to say, but

To all of you who were thinking, “the panties that were placed in Chuzai-san’s jacket pockets weren’t used, right?”

You’re very sharp. We set that trap thinking it would be funny if he mistook it for a handkerchief and wiped his sweat

with it. But, Chuzai-san didn't use them till the end. It's unfortunate but there are always misfires with pranks. Well, even if things had gone well, it's doubtful that he would have made that mistake.

<Continuation>

Anzai-sensei said,

"I have no idea what's going on... I've never had a cold sweat like this."

"Ah. Sensei, please use this."

Said Saijoh-kun, yearning for the beautiful Anzai-sensei. He took notice of her needs and offered her a handkerchief.

I was thinking in admiration, "any woman would do, for this guy," but...

Anzai-sensei who had accepted it went,

"What? What... is this? ..... P-panty?"

"Ah... shoot... wrong one..."

**You made the mistake!?**

That's right. Saijoh-kun had the underwear that he stole before the operation in his pocket. This guy was guilty after all. Well, we already knew that, but his "we don't steal other people's stuff" was laughable.

But Anzai-sensei discovered an unexpected circumstance at this time!

**"Hey, this pattern... Wait, what?"**

That's right. The one Saijoh-kun had stolen had the exact same pattern as the one from the RPS trashcan! I shouldn't say it like this, but even the creases were the same because **it had undergone the same treatment...** No wonder she was a chemistry teacher. Her observational skills were exceptional. Well, of course, one would expect to remember that much after having to pinch it to throw it away moments ago. It was at this time that I deeply regretted buying two sets of "three for 980 yen." If this was going to be the case, we should have just used the leopard print...

I don't even have to say that the next day, Saturday, we were called out and got into a lot of trouble.

And later that next day, Shirai-sensei went with us to the RPS so that we could apologize...

Volume 4 / The End. This time for sure. Thank you very much!

[<- Review?](#)   [Read Next ->](#)

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# “Bokuchu” Us vs the Police: 700-Day War

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[<- Review?](#)   [Read Next ->](#)

With the end of volume 4 – there’s not much written here. Please read it only if you feel like.

To all the readers of “Bokuchu,” thank you very much.

I don’t have anything to say now that volume 4 is completed without incident (was it?), and we have become number one in the rankings<sup>\*1</sup>.

I know the story went on and on and on and on and on, and aside from the completed volumes, I don’t think each chapter wasn’t exciting enough, so I wasn’t sure if you would enjoy it or not.

In reality, unlike the longer panty operation from volume 4, more often we had single shot pranks. Ones that were like “all right!” “ruun!”

For instance, the time when we got 15 of us to all sit in a row in front of the RPS holding cigarette gum, or replacing the local map inside of the RPS with a world map, or posting the picture of the candidate for school president next to the wanted posters, or putting 20 bikes inside of the RPS (lol). Either way, we did a lot. I’m sure that they’re not much different from the pranks you guys pulled at your schools and stuff.

What I think was different about Chuzai-san, even now, was that he would mostly only “yell at us himself,” and never reported us to the school. He wasn’t adult-like but he was also very tolerant. Well, there weren’t too many incidents that were big enough to be worthy of reporting anyway.

Small town police boxes at the time were really open places, and were left open even when the local residential police officer was out. Although, that wasn’t permission to do whatever we wanted (lol). In volume 4, my friends (Saijoh-kun) took the time to lead Chuzai-san out of the RPS, but there was actually no need for that, and we could have set the traps at other times. Though, this time, if he discovered things too early, they would have been useless, so we took these steps intentionally, but I’m sure part of it was the need to “feel the thrill,” that youngsters have.

We had already become totally bored of “pranks at the school,” meaning pranks that we set for the teachers and girls. It wouldn’t be an exaggeration to say that we graduated those by the first semester of our first year. But since we had an excess of energy, we pointed it at the “adult society.”

Once we opposed the “adult society,” we found out how fun it was. There was an overwhelming difference in authority there. It was necessary to use all of our intelligence to oppose them. For every one of our elaborate (?) plans, we had to figure out “if we do this to this person, this is how they’ll react,” and every time things went according to plan, we couldn’t hold in our joy and amusement. Chuzai-san was ideal as this kind of target, and although in reality, there were a number of other RPS’ we hardly ever targeted the other ones. Occasionally, there were days when other local resident police officers would come here in alternation, but every time that happened, we were disappointed.

In short, it’s no mistake that we really liked this Chuzai-san.

Now. We will now enter the great question that is volume 5.

I hope to be able to write it well, but it’s got a different feel from the previous ones.

Although it's this kind of blog, if you continue to enjoy "Bokuchu," it will make me very happy. Please read along.

Now I bring you "Volume 5 – Fireworks Thieves." Please enjoy.

\*1 In Japanese blog ranking. Does anyone know good blog ranking site in English?

[<- Review?](#)   [Read Next ->](#)

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